# THE OBSERVER.

*BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.*

THE FRIEND OF SOCRATES, THE FRIEND OF PLATO,
BUT ABOVE ALL, THE FRIEND OF TRUTH.

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FOR THE OBSERVER.

## BEATRICE IRONSIDE's BUDGET.

*How blessed are we, that are not simple men!*

I know not any thing which contributes more to our satisfaction, than an exalted idea of our own perfections: it diffuses an ease and consciousness of importance over the air, and demeanour, which often impose respect With a plentiful stock of self love, we are supplied, at least in imagination, with all in which nature may have left us deficient. This delightful talisman lends beauty to the ugly face, and grace to the most uncouth person. Flattered by its illusory influence, how many fools conceive themselves wise, how many ignorant believe themselves to be learned. It is true that there is no good without its concomitant evil. By laying large claim to the admiration of others, we do not always find them disposed to yield that which we would exact, and vanity is sometimes mortified, by not receiving its expected tribute; but then self love quickly lends her aid, and reconciles us to ourselves, in attributing the injustice done to our merits, to the want of taste or discrimination in those before whom we have displayed them. Again, if the veil of self love is cast over our defects, if the imagination substitutes charms, where deformity really dwells, and prompts us to assume airs of conscious superiority, it renders our deficiences more glaring and more strongly exposes them to the piercing shafts of ridicule. But then the influence of vanity is so powerful that it casts a shade over reality, and, viewed through its flattering optic, the expression of contempt and pity is mistaken for admiration, and the ironical praises intended to ridicule, are heard as the warm testimony of overflowing approbation.

This comfortable qualification of self love, however moralists and philosophers may unite to condemn it, I am disposed to regard with a favourable eye, as I think it largely contributes to our stock of felicity...much may be said against it, but I am not in a humour to moralize at present, and an exulting being, made happy by a superabundant stock of this self soothing passion, with whom I have just passed the evening, has induced me rather to envy than condemn it.

Mercutio was formed in a moment when nature was niggard of her gifts, and forgetting to endue him with either manliness, beauty or grace, she contented herself with throwing a quantity of bones, flesh, blood, &c without form or void, together, and when she had ended, she "called her work Mercutio." Yet this swain believes he has nothing less than the form of Antinous, and the face of Apollo...whenever he passes a mirror, he cannot resist casting a glance at the admired object it reflects, and in his library, the carpet before his looking gla-s is worn out, whilst that before his book-case retains its original freshness.

This is not all, Mercutio lays lays claim to higher praise; in profound understanding and acute judgment, he believes himself unrivalled...in learning and wit without an equal: in taste and genius, who can excel him? he decides alike, upon all points... no subject of disquisition can arise, in which he does not immediately pronounce with the air of a master...I have seen him at philosophical lectures, where he has taken the subject from the mouth of the lecturer, and whilst the petrified professor dismayed, stood aloof and gazed at him with astonishment; he has harangued the company at large on a subject, of which he did not even comprehend the simplest principles. In every department of literature and belles-lettres, he is alike accomplished, and alike modest in his display of knowledge; in the fine arts, he is no less an amateur and a connoisseur; it is true it happened to him once to mistake the performance of a wretched dauber for one of the master pieces of Reubens, which hung in the same room; after he had made an elaborate display of his knowledge of the charming art of painting, and descanted on his nice discernment, in all the distinctive touches that characterize the pencils of the different masters, a gentleman present unfortunate cooly informed him of his error...but few were witnesses of this rebuff, and Mercutio quickly recovering from his mortification, no less continued to "confound and astonish all wondering mortals" with the vast extent and variety of his knowledge.

For my part, who delight in the contemplation of happiness, wherever it exists, the ridiculous vanity of Mercutio gives me no pain...his air of satisfaction, and self approbation, amuses me, and as his heart is not bad, and his follies, though often fatiguing, injure no one but himself in rendering him an object of contempt, I can view him with complacency and listen to him without disgust.

When *Lycurgus* was to reform and alter the state of *Sparta*; one advised in consultation, that it should be reduced to an absolute popular equality: but *Lycurgus* said to him; sir, begin it in your own house.

*For the Observer.*

REPLY TO A LETTER PUBLISHED IN THE 17th NO. OF THE OBSERVER.

New-York, May 12, 1807.

MADAM,

Although I have resided in the British territories for almost eighteen years, and that I was yet young enough when circumstances led me to them to have recived in them a part of my education, yet I cannot flatter myself that I possess the English language so perfectly as to venture to write it, without feeling just apprehensions, of committing many faults. This fear must doubtless be still more lively, when I take upon me to request the insertion of a letter in my way, in a publication in which distinguished pens of your nation exercise themselves. However, as reason may sometimes appear to advantage, even when destitute of ornament, in soliciting your indulgence and that of your readers, I shall take the liberty of submitting some reflections to you, upon the letter contained in the Observer on the 25th of April, and I hope from your impartiality, madam, as much as from the object you appear to have in view, in publishing your interesting paper, that you will present my observations to the public. If there is temerity in my attempt, I dare hope that I shall be excusable in the eyes even of those persons who may entertain the strongest prejudices against the French nation, since those they may feel in favour of their own country, sufficiently justify those a stranger may entertain for his, although he should even have against it, cause of complaint.

However this may be, I enter upon the question.

To judge of things, it is necessary to have learned to know them, otherwise I shall be allowed to say, it is acting like the blind man who wanted to pronounce on colours. And further, what is indeed rare, to form a just opinion it is necssary to see without prejudice. Now your correspondent, pronounces his decided judgment from the moment of his disembarkation, and he pronounces it on a whole nation, of whom he says, *that an individual he has often thought was a subject for much and varied observation.* This was not very wise, and partakes too much of *Parisian* levity. He then very ingenuously acknowledges, that it was thus *he had decided in his little coteries,* before he set out on his travels, when he so heartily laughed *at the expence* of those of his *French friends,* in whom he found such amusing carricatures. Impartiality is not sufficiently shewn in this to entitle him to much confidence. A *philosopher* should begin by endeavouring not to appear so completely an enthusiast.

The writer pronounces then at once, that the whole nation is as *frightful as immoral.* I have been through many countries of Europe, and never in any nation, nor in any foreign work that I have seen, have I either heard, or learned that the French nation was so *ugly,* that in one of its cities of the first order there could not be found *a single agreeable face.* The French armies

have always presented bodies of troops, of too noble an appearance, and the rage of the Americans for the French women, when they visit France, is too extreme for it to be easily believed that this nation is so ugly, and that its women are so *hideous*.

Your correspondent, allows, them however, *handsome teeth*, and *fine eyes ; and forms fashioned by the hand of harmony itself* ; he calls these *their only recommendations !* and with *only* these *little* recommendations, he asserts that these women are horrible ! This gentleman is a singular physiognomist, and a pleasant logician. But he is still more a singular *man of taste*, who does not know, who does not feel, what was said by a celebrated poet,

*" Que la grace est plus belle encore que la Beauté!"*

This gentleman, is he then angry with those who have fine eyes, handsome teeth, and figures moulded by the graces ? we might almost conclude this is to be the case, from the modest confession he makes of his *martial air*, when he has *his sword by his side*, and that instead of dictionaries and rudiments, he has his hat under his arm.

This *decisive* gentlemen pronounces also on the orchestra *en souverain*. We might ask him perhaps where he had learned to be a judge of *symphony*, in *composition*, and in *execution*. Certainly it was not, I may be permitted candidly to say, in the American operas nor in the music of the battalions of militia ; nor in a country where there is no point of comparison in this difficult art. Was it then in the discordant school *of a college ?* This I believe, and at this I smile in my turn.

I am not displeased that the author finds fault with the *French ladies*, for knowing better how to touch the harp, to draw and embroider, than to make *mutton pies*, chacun a son goût...he seems to prefer the *culinary art ;* this I pardon him ; but I am not fond of *manias*. Now I cannot forgive him the partiality he shews for what belongs to the *cuisine*, when he speaks of the opera. I must inform him, therefore that the graceful nymphs of the opera do not wear *aprons*, like the heroine of the kitchen. The elegant voluptuous attire, which so agreeably shades the contours of the dancers, conformably to the antique costume, is the GREEK-TUNIC. To transform this elegant drapery into an *apron* is indeed a barbarism ; and if it is a joke, it flavours too highly of the kitchen to have been conceived in good company.

In another place the author acknowledges that he has seen nothing in the United States, in gardens, which approached those of a private house, to which he had been conducted. But I really believe this a *favour* he accords to France, for a moment ; for has not Philadelphia its grave-yards ; New-York its *ci-devant* battery ; and Baltimore its Gray's Gardens ? what compared to these are the statues of marble and bronze ; the vassals, the cascades and jets-d'eau ; the terrasses and parterres ; the Chinese *Kiosques*, and the Greek temples ; the bowers and the vast labyrinths, which decorate the mansions and the castles of the rich

individuals in France, and which serve as elysiums to all these hideous French women !

I have heard in the United States, that to a Frenchman of *Gascony* itself, could alone be accorded the *privilege* of judging of nations *in riding post* through them. But I am reconciled with the inhabitants of the borders *of the Garonne*, when I find elsewhere, a young man, who, in quitting the *deserts* of America, has already found matter on the day of his disembarkation, *to write more than a volume*, upon a nation as varied as extensive, which he has not yet seen.

I could yet make further observations and could make them more bitter, yet I know the point which separates *criticism* from *satyre*, and I will not pass it.

I however regret that in consequence of the claim of which the Observer speaks in the 18th number, we have been deprived of the continuation of these curious remarks; they would have completely demonstrated, that it is not in setting out in life, that we should pretend to place ourselves beside *Montesquieu*, *Moore*, or *lady Montague*. That nature has not made all the world painters of portraits ; and that for one *Vandyke* and *Titian*, there will always be found a thousand *daubers*, and carricature makers, who believe their pencils no less daring than those of these great masters, whilst the coarseness of their productions is mistaken by the ignorant, for strokes of genius.

BAYARD, JUNIOR.

*To Mrs. Beatrice Ironside.*

FOR THE OBSERVER.

## REMARKS ON QURANTINES,

### SUGGESTED BY DR. CALDWELL'S ORATION.

*(Continued from p. 318.)*

The reader is entreated not to become impatient, nor imagine that the œconomy of the Pucerons, and the fate to which they are consigned is unconnected with the doctrine of quarantines. I have already urged, that it is of great importance to prove, that the principles of life and death are the same in vegetables as in animals, and that whatever is ascertained to be the cause of death in any one species of animals, must be the same in every other, differing only as they vary in their construction. It is extremely desirable that this fact should be strongly impressed upon the mind, and that whatever can contribute to establish it should be fully brought into view.

As the mind of man is not confined to mere matter of fact, as he can form conclusions which extend much farther than what strictly attaches to demonstration, he is capable of comparing one thing with another, and of deducing results which objects, singly considered, could never afford. He is enabled to comprehend properties in the unknown, from duly investigating those

of the known ; he is led, from a contemplation of the works of creation, to raise his thoughts up to his creator, and to see in them the authenticity of what has been imparted to him concerning their maker. In this way too, he will be best provided with the means of knowing himself, than which there is nothing more worthy of his pursuit.

In minutely observing the treatment of the Pucerons by their voracious devourers, it must excite astonishment that they are wholly ignorant of even the existence of their merciless enemies. Naturalists do not appear to have been sufficiently aware of this important truth. So much accustomed to have their senses gratified with a display of such astonishing scenes, they were little tempted to employ their thoughts on the consequences that might be derived from their unwearied investigations. And yet it may possibly be found that when due consideration is given to these consequences, when the purposes are comprehended for which this ignorance of the Pucerons was designed, that it will throw a light upon objects which have been hitherto involved in the greatest obscurity : that it will afford a clue for penetrating a labyrinth to which access has been hitherto denied.

As such advantages are hoped from the prosecution of the subject, it cannot be improper to attend further to the warfare with which we have been engaged. It has been observed that the Lyon of the Pucerons is furnished with a dart. This is constructed of three parts, which gives it the form of a trident, with wnich they readily seize upon their prey, and inflict wounds in various parts of the body, dividing and breaking down those especially which are internal, so as to fit them for being sucked and pumped up by the trunk prepared to receive them. The celerity with which they dispatch this work of destruction is surprizing, nothing remaining in less than a minute, except the external covering of the Puceron, which they reject, leaving it perfectly dry. Can it be conceived that the Pucerons do not feel pain whilst thus tortured ? It cannot be imagined. This must be a property inseparable from life. Can it be improbable that pain suffered, by every other animal, is very much in the same way ? The ingenious and accurate Bonnet gives us the following description of the movements that lead to and produce pain, in his admirable work, on the faculties of the soul, p. 71. "We cannot define pleasure and pain further than that they consist in a certain sensation. We only know that every sensation is the effect of some motion, and that a motion more or less strong, more or less accelerated, excites either pleasure or pain. The slightest sensation differs only from excessive itching, and this from pain only by the degree, and it is proportioned to the degree of motion that the soul recognises the sentiment which we express by pleasure or pain, and it is the kind of motion in the fibre which answers to the sensation we express by the odour of a rose, or the odour of a pink. Thus the same

fibre which communicates pleasure, when its vibrations are accelerated to a certain degree, imparts pain when its vibrations are so accelerated as to effect a separation of the molecules, or integral parts of which it is constructed. The extremity of pain is when this separation amounts to a solution of continuity."

Let us take a review of ourselves. Is there a movement here referred to that we do not frequently experience? How often have we exemplified the series from the minutest titillation to the utmost severity of pain, both externally and internally without being able to assign the cause with more certainty than what happens to the Puceron when mangled by its devourer? can we doubt that these reflections are produced by a foreign cause, and can a foreign cause effect a solution of continuity, if it is not possessed of the powers of will and execution? These are considerations on which the mind may properly dwell, and if duly weighed, may perhaps lead to a more perfect knowledge of the animal œconomy than has hitherto prevailed.

But to return to the Puceron eater, as it is also termed by Reaumur, when very hungry it dispatches a great number in a very short time. As this diminishes, a respite is given to their depredations. They sometimes amuse themselves, as WE DO AT A HUNT, with first tormenting those they intend to feast upon. It must be readily perceived that if they were to continue eating without interruption, they would daily destroy an immense number of these little insects. For the happiness of the Pucerons, they occasionally take repose, not of a long duration, for they possess a very craving appetite. They are never to be seen without a Puceron sticking at the end of their trunk; the stalks of the elder, from seven to eight inches long, are to be seen entirely covered with Pucerons on one day, and in four days afterwards, one side has been completely stripped of them, where our author has found two or three worms which were sufficient to destroy them.

There is no place where the Pucerons establish themselves in which these worms are not to be found; sometimes there are but few, at others they are in a great number. They penetrate the vesicles on the leaves of the poplar, and also the different kinds of galls formed by the Pucerons on the trees. In short, there is no retreat, no precaution, that can be devised by these helpless beings, that will guarantee them from the slaughter to which they are destined.

As these worms vary in character, as do the Pucerons, those of a particular kind are generally found in particular assemblages of the Pucerons; but it is not to be imagined that they are so delicate in their choice of food, as to eat only those of a certain kind. There is every reason to believe that every species may accommodate them, although one may be preferable to another. Our naturalist has seen one worm suck to dryness

Pucerons of various descriptions. These worms, when full grown, are necessarily much stronger than their objects of pursuit; but the young ones are obliged to supply by courage what is deficient in strength. These worms, not having arrived at half the thickness or length of the Pucerons, often attack them. The Puceron, though ignorant of the quarter from whence it comes, cannot receive numerous mortal wounds without suffering pain, and removing from its place, in the hope of greater safety. But the little worm obstinately pursues it, and essays to seize upon some particular part. Having effected this, it climbs up, until it has got upon the back where it fixes itself, and from which the sufferer can receive no quarter. By repeated blows, the body is so mangled as to become fitted for the functions of the trunk, by which it is speedily exhausted.

They have, besides the Lion, many other enemies, both open and concealed, although, from their minuteness it must be difficult to ascertain which are of the former description. There is another of the concealed kind, which shall be hereafter noticed, that excites, in the Puceron, internal disorders, perhaps very similiar to what we experience. They are destroyed not only by other insects, but also by many small birds, particularly the swallow, so that it should seem as if they were provided as nourishment for the numerous tribes that feed upon them.

There are a few circumstances relating to the little Lion which, although foreign to our present purpose, are curious and, before we dismiss it, we shall offer them as objects of entertainment.

The fly, to which they give birth, attaches its eggs to the leaves and other parts of trees, inhabited by the Pucerons, by means of a stalk or pedicle, so as to give them the appearance of the fruit of some parasite plant. There is an engraving in the ephemeris of the curiosities of nature, of the leaves of an elder which were loaded, on the upper side, with flowers, the origin of which the author could not comprehend. These flowers were the eggs of the fly of our little Lion, from which the worm had escaped. Reaumur than proceeds particularly to describe the manner in which they are hatched, and the provision that is made for their sustenance, by being so placed as to find crowds of Pucerons surrounding them the moment they come into existence. How much does this evince the admirable order established in nature, in thus precisely fitting every thing to its destined end.

There is a propensity in this little animal that cannot fail to be amusing to an observer. They employ their leisure in cloathing themselves. Their habiliment resembles a coarse saddle housing, and is made of very rough materials. It covers the body from the neck to the extremity. So far from its appearing in our eyes an ornament, it very much disfigures them. It is of great thickness in proportion to the size of the animal, which seems to be loaded

with a little mountain. It is composed of an infinity of scraps, some white, others brown, others black, heaped, one on another. These little morsels are very light, consisting of a kind of down. I was embarrassed, says Reamur, " to know what this appearance was, and in what way the insect was furnished with it, because the first time that I discovered the worm so cloathed, it was not amongst the Pucerons. But after I knew with what it was nourished, I thought, and I saw, that as Hercules covered himself, and carried as a trophy, the skin of the Lion he had conquered, in the same manner our little Lions covered themselves with the spoils of the Pucerons they had eaten, and that they carried on their back, a real trophy of the skins, and the down of the dried parts of the bodies, the interior of which they had exhausted."

" It is not necessary that I should endeavour to prove that these sentiments of vain glory do not uselessly influence our little Lions, in choice of the materials which they select for a covering ; it is fortunate for them that wherever they find nourishment, they also find wherewith to clothe themselves. In order to ascertain whether they employed other light matters for this purpose, and if they use any particular art in the construction of their apparel and to attach it to the body, I stripped one of them naked, and put it into a box in which I had placed a coccoon of white silk ; in an hour afterwards I saw the little Lion partly covered with the silk ; he had evidently found it difficult to detach it from the coccoon. I removed his new covering, that I might have the pleasure of seeing him make another under my immediate eye ; but in order to facilitate his work, I provided him with the materials. I scraped some paper with a knife, and put the shavings into a box with the insect. There perhaps never was a little Lion so well accommodated with materials suited to his purpose, nor had ever one of them, at one time, in greater abundance ; nor was there perhaps, ever made, a covering so complete, thicker or more elevated than was now effected by our industrious mechanic. He employs two horns which proceed from his head, instead of hands, with which he separates the fibres of the materials with which he has to work, and by the great mobility of his neck, he tosses the little morsels backwards ...as the body is formed of rings and inequalities, these light substances attach to these, and thus the covering is formed by their promiscuously adhering to each other, and to the body of the insect, which does not, it must be confessed, in this fabrick, evidence much address or ingenuity.

From this account it appears we are not the only animal that takes a pride in our cloathing ; though perhaps there is not one that is so often fantastical. It would be a curious investigation, and one that might prove not only amusing, but advantageous, to trace the similitudes in propensity that influence the human and the other races of animals. It would tend to lower the pride which

we so generally take in our external figure, and tend to elevate our thoughts, and bestow our chief attentions upon the intellectual faculties in which we so far excel every other description of terrestrial being. It would induce us to cultivate, with more assuidity, powers on which all our superiority depends, and enable us more correctly to distinguish between the claims of parts that are perishable, and those which are due to the soul which is to endure for ever.

*(To be continued.)*

## POLITICAL.

*Crimination of all the Powers of Europe.*

FRANCE....*(Continued.)*

After La Fayette, comes Dumourier, who has made so much noise ; who wore the bonnet rouge, whilst he was minister of war, to the unfortunate Louis the XVI. and who, having been also for an instant theidol of the army, preserved his life from the fury of his own soldiers, only in seeking an assylum in the compassion of those kings, whose territories he had just devastated, in his campaign in the low countries.

I shall yet mention Carnot, formerly an officier du Genie, who voted the death of the king ; he was a member of the *famous committee of public safety,* at whose great deeds posterity will shrink with horror ; he directed all the military operations of the republic during several years ; was one of the five directors, and was at length proscribed by his own friends, the 18th Fructidor, of which I have already spoken.

2d. The Marquis de Montesquiou-Fezensac, formerly first gentleman usher to *Monsieur,* brother of the king, (at present the pretender, under the title of Louis XVIII.) he commanded in the South, at the time of the first campaign, beat the Sardinians, took possession of Savoy, wrote to his former master *(Monsieur,)* the most insulting letter ; published it, and obtained, as the reward of his meanness, a decree of public accusation. Flight alone saved him from the scaffold, and he died, concealed in a strange country.

3d. The Abbé Sieyes, so long a time the soul of the Orleans party, and the oracle of the third-order (1) who was precipitated from the curule chair, stripped of the directorial mantle, after that revolution of St. Cloud, so well known under the name of 18*th Brumaire* (year 8) and saw himself plundered by Buonaparte of the fruits of the intrigue he had so painfully watched over, while ambassador to Prussia, in the expectation of becoming prime minister ; like that of Carnot, the existence of Sieyes, is only tolerated in France, to serve as a footstool to the man whose power is founded on their overthrow.(2)

4th. The scoundrel Tallien, who, when he was secretary general to the commune, signed the *Bons de Salaire,* which the munici-

pality of Paris accorded to those had who FAIT DES JOURNEES,(for this was the term employed in these Bons) appointed the days, for putting to death the prisoners, the 1st. 2d. and 3d. of September 1793 ; Tallien was first driven from the legislative body, which was ashamed to acknowledge him ; he lost an eye in Egypt ; was disgraced by Buonaparte on his return ; was reviled and rejected by his wife, who through him, had received the nick name *of our lady of September* ; he was since exiled in fact, to a trifling consulship, at Valencia in Spain, where we know from the authority of the public prints, that he has at length expired of the plague. (3)

5th. When the brewer Santerre, inhuman regicide, wanted to lead some revolutionary columns against the Vendeans, his ignorance and cowardice became suddenly so notorious, that but for the good will, with which the convention regarded him, for the famous *beating of the drums,* which he had ordered, to prevent Louis the XVI. from haranguing the people at the moment they were about to behead him, he would have paid his military imbecilities with his life. If he had the good fortune to die in his bed, as the English papers have lately announced, it was not at least without having every where met with proofs of public execration, and the contempt with which the new masters of France loaded him. He was deprived of his rank as general ; was compelled to pay enormous contributions, and was watched in so rigorous and humiliating a way, that he was, as it were,under arrest in his own house, in the midst of the abominable Fauxbourg St. Antoine, in which he had commanded so many crimes, some years before.

6th. A priest named Le Planche, a commissary sent to the department of the insurgents, having undertaken to conduct an escort of *aristocrats* and *fanatics,* from Angers to Orleans, amused himself after dinner, with shooting from the top of the balconies of the windows of the inns where he stopped to perform his orgies, the unfortunate beings, whom grief, hunger, fever and dysentery had reduced to the last gasp, in the carts where he had thrown them together, like brutes. This wretch after accusation had been decreed against him for these very crimes, is now concealed, to sequester himself from the attention of the present government, which fears his ferocity ; consumed with rage against those who have profited by his crimes, and now reproach him with them, this assassin is reduced to the most horrible misery,with the worthy companion of his triumphant days, whom he had patriotically chosen from amongst the nuns who had cast off the veil.

7th. Fournier, called the American (4) who caused to be massacred at Versailles, the Duke de Brissac, and the forty state prisoners, returning from Orleans under his escort, has been since for a long time a prisoner himself with, some hundreds of other furious jacobins, in the island of Oleron, (on the

coast of Rochelle) ; for the state prisons, and strong castles of France and Italy, are not less furnished with ardent republicans, than with pure royalists. This is the nature of despotism and usurpation ; because usurpers, knowing the defect of their right, and the abuse of the exercise they make of it, equally dread all energy, on whatever side it may be, which might become indignant at the comtempt they evince for the human species.

In the dungeons of these *Bastilles,* you will now find adjutant general S.mon, a famous terrourist who was a long time employed as a bugbear in the department of the insurgents of the west. He devoted himself in a republican conspiracy directed against Buonaparte, of which general Bernadotte, (now prince de Ponte Corvo) was accused of being chief, and he was sacrificed.—You will find the colonels Donadieu and Fournier (another besides him already mentioned) both of them determined jacobins, and soldiers intrepid even to timerity ; and the Neapolitan prince Moliterno, and general Belpuzzi, an officer of great merit of the same nation, and the Italian colonels Bay, Fantinato, &c. &c. Prince Moliterno, and general Belpuzzi, had powerfully contributed to revolutionise Naples ; the third had sapped the Papal authority at Rome, and the fourth had invited the French into their country, to render it *free* ; but as soon as they complained, of seeing their country groan under the yoke of France, they were also thrown into dungeons.

On this subject I cannot avoid recollecting, that Buonaparte has sent to the scaffold, more than one of these revolutionisers, to whom he in part owed his successes. Amongst them the corsican Arenea, and the sculptor Cerachi of Milan, occur to my thoughts ; the first perished, because on the day of St. Cloud, his brother, deputy to the counsel of 500, had lifted a poignard against Buonaparte, at the moment in which this general violated the laws to which he had sworn fidelity, in militarily expulsing the representation called national. As for the second, who a short time before he perished had come to the United States, he had a thousand times braved the gibbet in Italy, to precede the French armies, in order to have the gates of the places, before which they presented themselves, opened to them.

I shall not dwell on the list of officers, who are at present broken and disgraced ; it is immense. But can I suppress the name of Moreau ; of Moreau who twice saved the French armies and the republic. Shall I pass Macdonald over in silence, who saved the army of Naples by so daring a retreat, in the midst of an army of Italian insurgents, when Suwarrow triumphed all over Italy ? shall I forget general le Monnier, who so brilliantly defended Ancona against the Austrians, the Turks, the Russians, and the Neapolitans ; general Souham, who put to death so many emigrants, taken sword in hand in the ranks of the coalesced armies ; and general Lecourbe who had covered himself with military glory in combatting with the valiant prince Charles in the

mountains of Switzerland. These few but great examples, will I think, suffice on this article.

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NOTES.

(1) According to the former French constitution, the states general were composed of representatives of the *three orders*. The nobility, the clergy, and the commons or plebeians, who formed the 3d order.

(2) The talent of the Abbe Sieyes is remarkable, in the art of having himself, forgot en when circumstances were unfavourable to him. This suppleness saved him in the revolution under Robespierre, and preserves him under Buonaparte, until the death of this personage, permits him to intrigue anew. The obscurity in which he knows how to involve himself, when necessary, is such, that in France when no more was heard of him, they made this jeu de mot on his name. "*Si es ubi es*? (situ es, ou es tu?

(3) It must however be mentioned as a curious circumstance, that Tallien was very much attended to in England on his return from Egypt, and by persons of high distinction.

(4) He was thus denominated, becuase he was of the French American colonies.

*For the Observer.*

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## FINE ARTS.

### *MUSIC.*

We have heard a delightful performer on the violin this week; it was *Mr. J. Neninger*, a German musician, whom the commotions of Europe have led to the United States in pursuit of peace; peace! which has usually been the tutelary goddess, and nurse of the genius of the fine arts!

But we could not resist a saddening reflection, which intruded itself even in the midst of the pleasure inspired by the sweet and delicate sounds awakened from the violin by the execution of this gentlemen, which renders those *difficult passages* graceful, that so many musicians of merit do not know sufficiently how to disguise, to render them agreeable to the ear.

What will this *Virtuoso* do here? said we to ourselves! we have neither large theatres; nor church choirs; nor subscription concerts; nor military music; nor national academies, where exiled talent, might be kept alive by emulation, might receive those honors which are the vital principles of genius, and find resource against indigence and *want!* Our government is but a simple administration, to which is given neither influence, nor the pecuniary means necessary for offering pensions, nor for offering for employment, to those who merit it. Far from this; as strangers they are in fact so *proscribed*, that their powers are held inactive, or confined in the most circumscribed sphere.

This exquisite skill then, will be buried like that of so many other Europeans, who vegetate here already, to our *shame* and our *detriment*, whilst every where else, in ordinary times, it would have been not only *welcomed* but purchased at the high-

est price, by governments, and nations, who would have been jealous of doing honour to their age, by these elegant and agreeable ameliorations.

Our dullness, our insensibility on this point is *Vandalism* indeed—yes, *Vandalism*, we cannot refrain from giving its true and merited epithet.

What then, we repeat, *will this virtuoso do here?* His fortune, and his fame will be limited.....to seizing, as a favour bestowed by heaven, like the other artists that have preceded him in this country, the hateful, the killing task, which is death to all genius, of teaching brats without ear or attention : *E,F,G,A,B,C,D !* .....to console him, he will have the resource confined in Europe to the blind, and the village fidlers—of playing *cotilions* to dancers, who have no idea of measure...and in reward of the mortification, the perpetual torment, which this slavery, will every day cost him, he will be viewed in the light, and treated with the consideration thought due to a *mechanic ! !!*

Ah ! 19th century, how great will you be in the history of our America, if it is thus that the elegant arts which embellish life, continue long to flourish ! ! !

We hasten however to announce, that *Mr. Neninger* will on Tuesday, give a concert, and we hope the distinguished musicians of our city, will combine their harmonious sounds, to banish from our memories that we are here, *in the very Siberia of the arts.*

*For the Observer.*

## VARIETY.

### HISTORICAL EPHEMERIS.

*The 23d of May,* 1789...Died, William Woollet, a celebrated landscape engraver, whose burine will always do honour to England, which was his native country—he was fifty years of age.

*The 23d of May,* 1793...The duke of York laid seige to Valenciennes, which did not yield until the 14th of July following, after having sustained during 49 days, one of the hottest bombardments known.

*The 23d of May,* 1779...Suwarrow defeated the French in Italy, by forcing the passage of the Adda ; Ferrara was taken from them the same day.

### *TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.*

Frederick will be no true knight, if he does not quickly strike hislyre, in responsive notes to Laura ; we congratulate him on the acquisition of so charming a correspondent.

We consider that impartiality prescribed to us, the publication of the answer given in this number, to the writer of the letters from Europe.....Notwithstanding the modest apology which introduces this reply, we in justice owe it to the stranger who has addressed us, to assure him that his fears of writing the English language are unnecessary, and to engage him to furnish us occasionally, with the fruits of his leisure.

We participate in his regret, at the impossibility of giving to our readers the continuation of the letters from Europe...but this regret arises from our *knowledge* that they were such as to do the highest honour to the genius, the observations and the style of their writer. Every additional line, we perused them with new interest and pleasure, and to have presented our readers with such a handsome specimen ot the talents of our young countryman, would have offorded us much gratification...we however avail ourselves of this occasiou, to make known to the public, that we have in this instance made all the sacrifices that delicacy can require. We immediately upon a verbal claim being made to them, unsupported by any testimony, unaccompanied by any demonstrative evidence, consented to suppress the second letter, which was already printed, and constituted nearly half a number of the Observer. We declare then,once for all, that we have entirely suppressed the manuscripts which were thrown by an anonymous hand into the communication box; but that had we even not done this, we should have held it as a *sacred* duty, not to deliver them up,nor to suffer them to be seen by *any one whatever*. We could be capable of a different conduct, only in dishonouring in a shameful manner, the character, and the duty of an editor ; and this, we should presume, no one could think of *expecting from us*.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For the Observer.*

### TO FREDERICK.

Since all my dreams of joy are fled,
And hope, sweet hope ! enchants no more,
Since care and sorrow come instead,
And nothing charms me as before,

Since fickle Frederick leaves me so,
And quite forgets his former vows ;
I'll hie me where the poppies grow,
And bind them round my aching brows:

And then I'll lay me down at rest,
Where weeps the willow o'er the stream;
Where grief shall never more molest,
Nor sorrow cloud my final dream,—

Then with a last adieu to care,
In death's embrace forget my woes—
Nor love, nor hopeless anguish, there
Again shall mock my long repose! LAURA.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

*Cet ombre qui succede au jour*
*Cette fraicheur et ce murmure,*
*Sont les pieges que la nature*
*Nous tend en faveur de l'Amour,*

BERNIS

See Dian, my Julia, how bright
She raises her lamp in the sky,
And throws round a mellowed light,
Refreshing, not wounding the eye!

See she scatters her rays on yon bow'r;
Dont you think 'twould be charming to rove,
And there pass one sweet little hour?
For night is the season for love!

Diana herself yields her light
With more lustre where lovers are bless'd,
For she thinks on the rapturous night,
When she lov'd and her lover caress'd;

Full well she remembers the hour,
When erst from her orb she did rove,
And vow'd in Endymion's bow'r,
That night was the season for love!

Thou, Julia, rememberest too,
That blissful, that exquisite night;
When to thee I first vow'd to be true.
And thou promis'd my love to requite.

'Twas beneath yon wild mulberry tree.
That grows by the side of the grove;
Thou sigh'd, as I whispered to thee,
Oh "night is the season for love!"

Let the vot'ries of fashion employ
Their evenings in folly's gay round,
And fancy there's something like joy
In fidd'ling and flattery's sound;

But we can feel transports of bliss,
Which none of them ever can prove,
When we vow, with a hallowed kiss
That night is the season for love.

CADWALLOW.

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J. ROBINSON, PRINTER.